




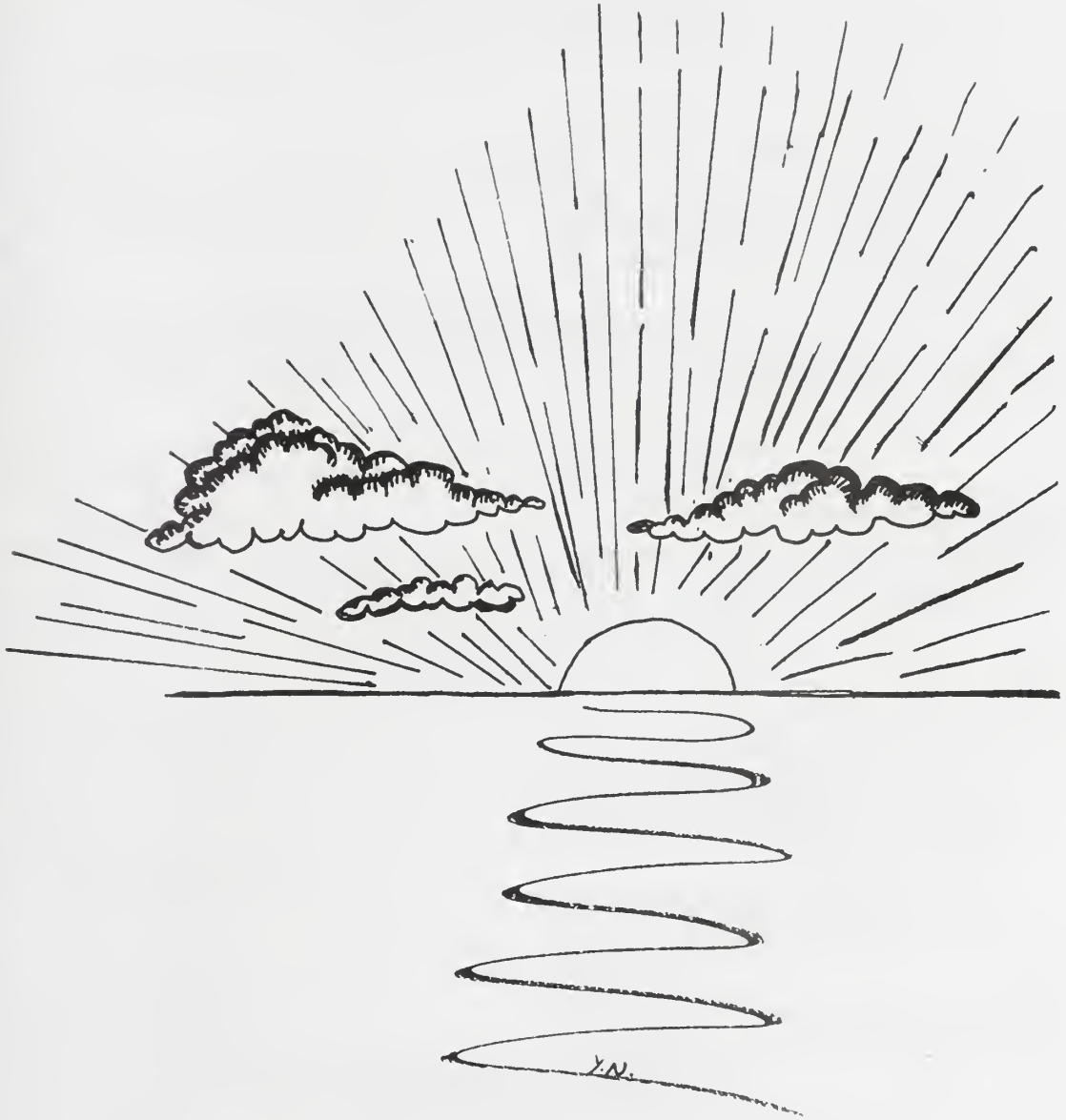
The Register

The New Classicism



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2017 with funding from
Boston Public Library

<https://archive.org/details/latinschoolregis1990bost>



The Register

Volume CXI

Spring 1990

Published by the students of
Boston Latin School
78 Avenue Louis Pasteur
Boston, Massachusetts

Editors

Jessica Dello Russo

Max M. Withers

Associate Editors

I.M. Gold

Rosalie O'Brien

Business Director

Laura Cooley

Art Director

Yuet Ng

Contributors

David Akeson
Sunnarith Chheng
Crystal Coleman
Katherine Comer
John Galano
Anne Guiney
John Largess

Benjamin Mayer
Karen Lee
Adam Linn
Rebecca Milstein
Omoizele Okoawo
Malka Older
Johnny Wu
Pyong Yim

Technical Consultants

Mr. Stephen Gerome
Mr. Michael Haritos
Mr. Ron Gwiazda

Faculty Advisor

Mr. Kevin Roche

Contents

Poetry

Page Five

Dubitatio -Johnny Wu

Integer Vitae -John Casimir Largess

Page Six

A Toast -Rosalie O'Brien

Page Seven

Nightly Visitation -Katherine Comer

You Wake -Adam Linn

Page Nine

The Three States of Immortality

-Jessica Dello Russo

Page Eleven

Death of a Planet -Rebecca Milstein

Page Twelve

Play for Me -Crystal Coleman

Pedestal -Pyong Yim

Page Fourteen

Illusion -Johnny Kerrigan

Life... -Rosalie O'Brien

Page Nineteen

Exposure -Miguel Menard

Page Twenty

Scenes from a Memory

-Jessica Dello Russo

Carabanchel Alto -Anne Guiney

Page Twenty-one

To Autumn: 10 1/2 Beacon Street

-Jessica Dello Russo

Page Twenty-two

Five Fragments -Max Withers

Prose

Page Six

The New Soul -Malka A. Older

Page Eight

My Thanksgiving -I.M. Gold

Page Ten

Shades of The Past -Sunnarith Chheng

Page Fifteen

Demons in My Closet -Omoizele Okoawo

Page Seventeen

From a Bus Stop -Rebecca Milstein

Page Eighteen

Untitled -I.M. Gold

Page Twenty-four

Updike's "Great Scarf of Birds"

-David Akeson

Photography

Cover, Page Sixteen

-Benjamin Mayer

Illustrations

Page Thirteen

Karen Lee

Pages One, Twenty-three and

Thirty-five

Yuet Ng

Letters

Page Four

The Editors

Page Twenty-five

John Updike

Letter From The Editors:

As the school year comes to a close, so does the reign of terror for the *Register* staff. It has been another hellish year of missed deadlines, but we have finally come up with a truly precedent-setting issue.

On the prose front, David Akeson's analysis of John Updike's famous poem is the first example of literary criticism in the *Register* in recent memory. We weren't the only ones who appreciated his insights (see page twenty-five). Sunnarith Cheng's *Shades of the Past* is the first known piece of reasearch/journalism to appear in these hallowed pages.

Benjamin Mayer's superb photography, superficially a departure from the *Register's* visual tradition, on a deeper level represent an adaption of the past to our present, demonstrating the continuing vitality of tradition.

The most noticeable precedent is the title. "Why," you are certainly wondering, "have they called this *The New Classicism*?" This year, we have noticed a resurgence of Classical themes and influences in our submissions. Whether this is due to a genuine increase in the validity of the Classical tradition in today's world, or simply to Boston Latin's emphasis on Classical education is

debatable. There is a definite trend, for whatever reason, present to some degree in all the works in this issue, most obviously on page five.

The body of work submitted this year was truly exemplary. Space limitations naturally prevented us from publishing all submissions, but we want to encourage all those who were not accepted to try again, for everything we saw was worthy. To those of you who have not submitted anything yet, please do: the more we see, the better the *Register*. For you, the contributors, are the only reason the magazine exists. And as this issue demonstrates, submissions are not restricted to poetry or fiction: we will consider all forms of art.

Special thanks to all those who helped this *Register* to come into being: contributors, staff, Yuet, Laura and Mr. Roche. Finally, our most sincere gratitude to Mr. Smith, Mr. Gwiazda, Mr. Haritos, and especially Mr. Steven Gerome for their invaluable technical assistance, humour and moral support, without which this magazine would still be an abstract concept.

M.M.W.
J.D.R.

Dubitatio

Rideo magna voluptate,
etsi veram laetitiam non sentio.
Fleo aegritudine magna,
etsi dolorem non habeo.
Loquor magna voce et audacter,
sed verum timorem occulto.
Quaero studio extremo,
tamen non prorsus curo.
Tenens caput altum incedo
sciens me imitari ineptum.
Utrum ridens, an loquens, an incedens;
nil interest,
Quod omnes sentimus idem,
quod omnes scimus veritatem.
Cur vivimus? Cur hic sumus?
certa dubitatio.

- Johnny Wu

Integer Vitae...

Olim, quando orbes iuvenes et novi,
Super summo vertice collis clari
Candida Aurora croceaque luce
Inluminati,

Urbs sistebat splendida et opulenta.
Hic vestitae murice saltatores,
Illic sonat barbitos quoque dulce et
Marmor resonat.

Sed, heu! atrocemque diem nefandum!
Ut vastans vindex populum usque ferro
Recessis saevusque adeo expeditus
Sanguine portis

Necabat. Nunc arbore hic impeditur
Arx, nunc muri graminibus teguntur,
Nunc tonat solus modo et imber vetusque;
Urbs fuit illic.

Obscurus mons est hedera atque silvis.
Quo turris iam dudum erat, ater ilex
Iacit umbram, marmoris mole aquae fons
Defluit clarus.

-John Casimir Largess

A Toast

Do not tire me with handsome Apollo
Or the prim Muses refined and graced
Nor the beauty of Athena,
What good is beauty if she be chaste?

In the stately promenade of the gods
Not by the Parcas or mere chance
Above Zeus, Hera, Hades, Poseidon,
Holy Dionysus leads the dance.

Dionysus! Not Bacchus merely
To whom the Romans added twenty years
Jaundiced, obese and with a shrivelled liver
Wastes his life in sober tears.

When I have poured forth my last libation
Send me not to any Elysian Field
But let me rage on the wild mountain tops
Where the frenzied Bacchante yield.

Now while I have passion within me
And flow with the liquid life from the vine
You can have your pietas and Bacchus,
Give me mystic Dionysus and wine.

- Rosalie O'Brien

The New Soul

The plain cylindrical glass stood on the shelf, lonely. It was surrounded by the beautiful, snobbish glasses that were not quite too fancy for everyday use. Since the plain glass had been bought with a set of others ten months ago, it had been used only three times; once when there weren't enough fancy glasses to go around, once when all the fancy glasses were in the dishwasher, and once when an adult pretended not to care and took it to show the children that beauty doesn't matter. But it does.

Childish footsteps. The plain glass straightened itself up. A small face looked up, a small hand gently moved the fancy glass away and reached for the plain one. A wonder and excitement. Feelings too wonderful to describe. The hand touched the cool, smooth glass — grasped it — lifted it from the dusty, shadowed shelf and put it on the clean, sunny table. A breeze, gentle and fresh, drifted through the open window. The refrigerator door creaked. The child lifted the heavy bottle and put it on the table.

One hand held the glass to the table, the other poured slowly and carefully. The liquid flowed into the glass like a new, beautiful soul for its plain body.

-Malka A. Older

Nightly Visitation

I saw you last night my angel-
Present in the deepest recesses
of my soul, even without my
consciousness. I wanted to call
to you, but my words were paralyzed
with one glance towards the sparkle
of eternity; eyes the green of hope
stared at me, and at that moment I
knew all was forgiven, forgotten
past resentment, implanted loving
bondage, and my heart warmed at
the sensation, my entire entity in a
fervor...

And then I awoke, my pillow drenched,
not with tears of sorrow,
but with the sweaty anticipation of
knowing this beautiful vision,
could not possibly be all a dream.

- Katherine Comer

You Wake

You wake and it is all that comes to
mind.

All your actions are mechanical.

You cannot live until you have imbibed the
true life blood.

You taste its warm strength as you wake just
at the thought of it.

Then you have it in your mouth, its liquid
power sending its message to the brain.

It announces its presence with show and
bravado, and then gets to work.

It travels down the throat bringing life, like a
liquid Spring.

It warms the belly, sharpens the mind and
quickens the pulse.

Not only is it of the body, though, but also
of the soul.

Without it the day would be dismal and
overcast.

It is goodness, and with it comes a flood of
good feelings.

You are ready to go, conquering the new
day that earlier seemed interminable.

Now you have the power, you are alive;
until tomorrow morning.

- Adam Linn

My Thanksgiving

At twelve o'clock the guests began to arrive. There were many, many guests. First came the Joneses from next door (they always arrive first when food is involved, if you catch my drift), then the grandparents and a slew, a veritable slew, of relatives, including little Billy, who was the main attraction, the veritable star, of this year's Thanksgiving. More on that later.

At three o'clock we began to eat, after the preliminaries. By preliminaries, for the uncultured of my audience, I mean the necessities which necessarily precede mealtime, such as greetings and talkings and kissings. And O, what a bounteous, bounteous meal mother had prepared. Imagine, if you will, a table overburdened by succulent, steamy, passionate, moaning foods, those typical of Thanksgiving, of course, nothing fancy. The turkey, or shall I say TURKEY, was very large.

At four o'clock Father decided to cut the TURKEY, after the preliminaries had been preformed. Using preliminaries here I mean oohings and ahings and slurpings and smackings, as greetings and talkings and kissings are wholly and obviously inappropriate. But mother mentioned to father very, very discreetly that it was time for the younger generation to cut the TURKEY. She was so discreet, or secretive, that only I, besides father, heard her. There was some discussion as to who should cut the TURKEY. I was not a prime candidate, for I had cut last year's turkey, which wasn't even a TURKEY, and I had cut it rather inexpertly at that.

At five o'clock it was decided by an unanimous vote that all were in favor of having little Billy cut the TURKEY. Everyone applauded this, especially the Joneses, if you know my meaning. Father gave little Billy the knife, which was extremely, or very sharp. Little Billy cut the TURKEY very expertly, making me a tad bit jealous. He put slices of the TURKEY on Grandma's plate, then on Grandpa's plate, then on the Jones's plates, then on his own plate, then on a slew of relatives's plates, then on my plate, then on father's plate, but not on mother's plate, as she is on a diet. Now the TURKEY looked more like a turkey.

At six o'clock everyone had turkey. Father asked little Billy for the knife, but he would not let it go. Mother became very alarmed when little Billy began dancing around the room waving the knife around, especially when he killed the Joneses. Everyone laughed except mother. Maybe this is because she is on a diet. Father made little Billy's parents promise to take away the Joneses, which they agreed to do.

But then little Billy began to cry, and lost that very, very, very funny look he had in his eyes.

At seven o'clock little Billy, who was always a little strange (but very funny) killed himself in the corner of the dining room. This made the slew of relatives, and mother, and father, and me very sad, but not the Joneses, if you know what I mean. Without little Billy's terribly funny entertainment the rest of the dinner was boring, but very tasty.

-I. M. Gold

The Three States of Immortality

- a huge hollow shell
and figures too small to fit
the Interior.

Through the walls, the echo lingers
on sounds of footsteps and voices
striking heavy marble
and paling in ascent to the dome.

The cardinal will give mass- someone says;
But I forget about what-
About God- replies another. Of course -

Stretching both arms broadly across the bench,
he laughs, and laughter with him
forces its rhythmic pacing to mingle
with candlelight - flickering against the altar gold
striking high conscience - with a brief shudder
dying in stagnant pools fixed to the walls.
His drowned laughter in the waters, blessed,
then silent. There are no answerings from Echo,
but he thinks things amusing, here - of all places -
What's the time? he asks: there are other places to go.

Those figures- the man says to his wife- how
splendid that
in rain
the light still penetrates through the glass.
She shivers.
The rain's brought on the chill- she replies-
All these places feel the same, yet you still
insist on seeing some old, colored glass.
There's little pleasure in that red, it looking
like blood- spilled on somebody's floor-
Come: I need to do shopping before dinner.
And takes his hand with the camera, turning to the door.

Merciful God- mutters one pious soul, tightening
her scarf as she avoids these heretics
gaping openly at still figures posed in the crypts.

(The scarf, fringed with gold-tinged tassels,
is blackened against her somber sleeve.)

Our Lord in Heaven-

Man's laughter is gone; she may hear herself-

The Power, and the Glory are yours.
Now. And forever.

She touches the water using finger-tips
that almost measure the contact.
And wipes her hand in the quick twist of her dress
when she sees pink chewing-gum blocking
the Drain.

- Jessica Dello Russo

Shades of the Past

Cambodia is a war-torn country. This once prosperous country is now faced with shocking poverty. In 1975, Pol Pot's regime conquered the country. Over twenty five percent of the Cambodian population was killed because Pol Pot wanted a nation of farmers. I interviewed a very close family member about her experience. It is the story of how a woman, who had nothing but herself and a small child escaped death to freedom.

"It was December, 1979. I was sitting in front of my cottage. A man came to me and handed me a letter. It was from my late husband's friend. He told me to escape to Thailand. I did not ponder over this, because I had planned to escape ever since the Khmer Rouge had taken over Cambodia.

I sold everything I had. At that time, I was living in the Eastern side of the country. It borders Vietnam. A friend of mine gave me and my four year old son a ride on her bicycle to Phnom Penn. We had to cross quite a few rivers. Since I didn't know how to swim, I depended on my parent's souls to guide us. Finally we reached Phnom Penn, and my son and I slept at a friend's house. I was very worried. To reach Thailand, I would have to cross three provinces, which is 800 kilometers. But if I stayed, it would be impossible for my son to have a good future. I could not sleep that night. The next day, my son and I crossed the Mekong river. We stayed at another friend's house, and waited for a truck. When the truck arrived, I had a fever, and had to ride a bicycle to catch the truck. We had to run as fast as we could into the truck, so that none of the communist soldiers could see us. If they did, they would kill us. It was extremely hot in the truck. It took us eight hours to reach 200 kilometers, and that night we had to sleep on the streets. We received words from the people that Vietnamese and Cambodian soldiers would be inspecting us. I hid all my gold in our sneakers and underwear. We got past the inspection line, and were ordered to walk into the jungle. After reaching Battambang, a province close to the Thailand border, we had to take an ox cart to continue. This cost each person 1/3 ounce of gold. We were divided into groups. My group had twenty people. We

walked in the forest, and had to be extremely quiet. It was very dangerous. If a relative was lost, we were not allowed to go back and try to find him or her. Two hours later, we saw flashing lights. Our leader told us to stop and keep quiet. The lights were far away. They might have belonged to robbers or soldiers. Everything was still. Only the hooting of an owl and the quiet wind were heard. A while later we continued on until six in the morning. We saw a small group of food sellers and bought some food. We had twelve more hours to reach the Thailand border. Although there were no more Heng Samrin or Vietnamese soldiers to stop us, the dangers of our escape were not over. There were still Thai soldiers, who were very fierce.

At 4:30 pm, the leader told us we were safe. But there were flies all over the place, and dead bodies occupied the road. It smelled awful. We ran across the bodies, and the small children cried because of the frightening sight. Later, we encountered the Khmer Rouge soldiers. We were very frightened for they had already killed over three million of our people. We were afraid they would kill us, too. They wore black clothing, and had guns on their back. They took some of our valubles, and let us go.

Fortunately, they let us continue. We didn't encounter any Thai soldiers. At 7:30pm, we reached the border. No one had been killed. We were very lucky, for all we had lost were our valubles, not our lives. Our leader said goodbye to us. I rested under a tree. Everyone was covered with dirt from head to toe. I bought a gallon of water, costing us twenty batts.

This water was only for drinking, because we didn't have enough to wash or bathe ourselves. Most of the refugees slept like babies, but I kept my eyes open, for fear that someone would rob me.

That night, I thought of how wonderful it would be if there was no war. I would still have my beloved husband. Because of the Communist regime, I had also lost all my other family members; my parents, two brothers, and eight sisters. Before my husband was killed, he told me he wanted to escape Communism by escaping to Thailand. But it was too late. The Com-

munists took him because he was smart. Now I lived in his dreams, wishing he was with me. Tears started rolling down my cheeks. I wanted him back. I needed him; my son needed him.

I woke at 5:00am. Rice was donated by the Red Cross. The line was very long. I wanted to get into the line, but couldn't since I had to go back to my son.

At 11:00am, a truck came to take us to Khao I Dang. I threw my belongings into the truck. There were forty people in the truck. Fifteen minutes later, we reached the Khao I Dang camp. I made a house out of wood for my son and I. It was tiring work.

In the Febuary of 1980, I did volunteer work at a German hospital. I worked seven days a week, from seven until five. I had to have my son next to me in the hospital in case of fighting between the Thai and the Vietnamese. I took care of many patients, injured severely in the war. Some had broken legs or arms, or were blinded. A German doctor saw how hard I was working, and pitied me. I had only one son and no family. But I only worked in his hospital to improve my English. This doctor was very nice to me. After he went back to Germany, he sent me sponser certificates so I might enter that country. At the same time, I recieved sponserhip from the U.S. Immigration. I had cousins there. I liked the U.S. better because I had learned so much about it in my education.

On June 11, 1981, I arrived at Boston. I took E.S.L. for four months. Then, I attended an accounting program. After I had completed this, I recieved a teaching job. I was also a teacher in Cambodia, so I didn't want to work in accounting.

I am still working as a teacher in Boston. I have remarried, and now have a six year old daughter. My son is now fourteen, and doing well in school. Maybe now, he'll have the future I've always wanted him to have."

This woman's story is very special to me. She is brave and very intelligent. I am very proud that she is my mother.

-Sunnarith Chheng

White

Is a cloud on the far horizen
Boding rain and renewal
On a summer's day
And white
Is a cloud from a smokestack rising
Boding death for the fishes
In a toxic bay.

White

Is the cloth of a long lace gown
That enfolds the heart
Of a bride to be,
And white
Is the cloth of a burial shroud-
Cancer, caused by our poisons
In a child of three.

White

Is the feather, both shining and dull,
Of the pigoen that perches
On telephone lines,
And white
Is the feather of the one live gull
That shrieks as it wheels
In the Alaskan skies.

White is the wallpaper,

Lead paint chips under;

White is the dread

That now comes with the thunder;

White were the lilies

We once could see grow here;

White is the spilled milk

That's worth crying over.

-Rebecca Milstein

Play for Me

Play for me
A symphony
composed of russet hues

And I'll write thee
A masterpiece
My own picture of you

Straighten the aureate, regal frame
Thus I see
the honey seas
Smile beneath their pellucid sheilds
Which fail to hinder
My sight
of the light
- manna -
cradled in an essence

Play your Twin.
Twine your song about me hence
I dance in the gold
and terra-cotta ribbons,
The autumn leaves
which spiral about me,
Not in the wee-September hurricanes
But in the Khamsin
Of your Likenes -

Play for me.

- Crystal Coleman

Pedestal

In love with a dream
An illusion
Before these clouded eyes of mine
His mystery and beauty
Stabbing into my heart
Wanting and longing
Watching and suffering
With every breath in my body
Twisting him
Into a god
Into a dream
His smile fades
The curtains open
Too sharply
Too quickly
Before I can shade my eyes
As his figure
Turns from a dream
Into cold reality.

- Pyong Yim

Stopping by woods on a snowy evening

KAREN LEE-

- ROBERT FROST



BETWEEN THE WOODS AND FROZEN LAKE,
THE DARKEST EVENING OF THE YEAR.



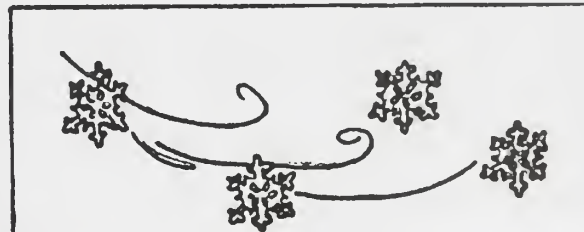
WHO'S WOODS THESE ARE I THINK I KNOW,



HE GIVES HIS HARNESS BELLS A SHAKE,
TO ASK IF THERE IS SOME MISTAKE;



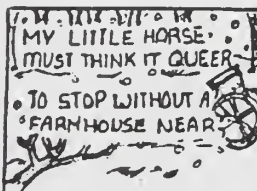
HIS HOUSE IS IN THE VILLAGE THOUGH;



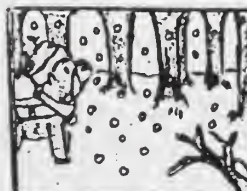
THE ONLY OTHER SOUNDS THE SWEEP,
OF EASY WIND AND DOWNY FLAKE.



HE WILL NOT SEE
ME STOPPING HERE,
TO WATCH HIS WOODS
FILL UP WITH SNOW.



MY LITTLE HORSE
MUST THINK IT QUEER
TO STOP WITHOUT A
FARMHOUSE NEAR.



THE WOODS ARE LOVELY
DARK AND DEEP, BUT
I HAVE PROMISES TO
KEEP.



AND MILES TO GO BEFORE
I SLEEP,
AND MILES TO GO BEFORE
I SLEEP.

Illusion

We ride through the night
Among needles of rain,
Streets glimmering lights.
The wet cement is
Hushed by spinning rubber
Pressed tightly to the ground,
Spraying water into droplets
And puddles against walking
Rain coats.

The car speeds
Racing recklessly;
Sudden panic
Spreads quickly throughout
My flesh,
My insides quiver.
I close my eyes
And listen to the pelts of rain.

The night air
Is filled with lights;
Spinning and swirling,
Spilling over and sleeping through
The car windows,
My moist senses penetrated.
Oozing white light

Trickles down my spine,
Chills
And the darkness behind my eyelids
Becomes alive with squiggling lint
And swimming protazoa,
Swimming faster and faster,
Exploding into a million drops
Of light that expand and shoot out like
needles -
Lights flood through my veins
And are pushed with my pulsing blood,
Then the chills return:
Orgasmic shudders.
-spreading out and covering
The car with radiant light.
I glide along through
Illusion,
In Illusion,
Content with the knowledge of Illusion.

- Johnny Kerrigan

Life...

A walk
on the
sharp
silver
horizon
caught
between
eternal
sea,
eternal
sky
trying
to decide
whether
to sink
or fly.

- Rosalie O'Brien

Demons In My Closet

The little boy stood in front of the couch by the door. it was eight o'clock and, for a time, the night ruled. The little boy had his hand on the light switch as if ready to turn it off, yet each time he proceeded to cut the circuit, he grew afraid and would suddenly stop.

The little boy's older brother, who slept on top of the bunk bed, became angry. "Turn off the light already!" Glancing angrily at his older brother, the little boy turned off the light and threw himself into the bed in one fluid motion...

Keeping his eyes closed, the little boy pulled his covers around him, determined not to open his eyes to the darkness. "Tap..tap..clunk...tap." Hearing that insanely familiar noise, the little boy buried himself under his covers. The noise was coming from the closet.

His unconquerable curiosity overcame his rising fear and the little boy peeked out with one eye to gaze into the closet. The darkness within the closet swirled with hundreds of horrifying shapes and the little boy drew back, gripping the blanket even tighter around his head.

After what seemed to be a long time, the little boy's haven grew unbearably hot, and as the sweat trickled down his head and onto the pillow, all he could think of was the darkness within the closet.

The little boy grew lonely and reaching out of his blankets, he searched for Rabbit (his stuffed tiger). He frowned. Where was Rabbit? He froze, realizing Rabbit was in the closet.

The little boy lay in his bed for a long time, thinking about the closet, the darkness, and Rabbit. Finally, he crept out of bed and finding the Starsword he had received for Christmas last year, he proceeded into the closet.

With an angry battle cry born from fear, he charged into the closet. Whack! Whack! Whomp! Not caring what he hit so long as nothing hit him. Then something or someone pounced on top of him, and he fell to the ground thrashing about. Trying to escape he felt tentacles circling his neck and binding his arms.

Shrieking with terror and rage, he broke loose from the tentacles and, picking up the Starsword, stuck them again and again. The tendrils lay limply on the floor as the little boy circled them warily. Finding Rabbit, he walked proudly to his bed with Starsword in hand, head held up high. Climbing slowly into his bed, he stuck his tongue out at the darkness, and promptly went to sleep.

Epilogue:

Mrs. Arhemebon was up for thirty minutes before she saw the mess in the closet. Sighing, she went into the boys's room, passed the bunkbed, and stood frowning. Somehow the blankets on the shelves had fallen and now lay in a twisted pile on the floor. She picked up and folded each one, placing them gently on the shelves. Leaving the room quickly, she remembered to call the plumber to fix the heating system which persisted in making those annoying tapping noises in the night.

-Omoizele Okoawo



From a Bus Stop

I never thought there was much of a view from my bus stop in this squalid part of town. Tenement houses with cracked windows, a variety store selling magazines in gaudy covers and cloying candy, a group of kids half-heartedly flirting. They laugh raucously, an instinctive reaction to the same tired lines they heard yesterday and the day before. I can hear them no matter how far away I stand.

There is a dry-cleaning place just across the street, one of those places with a grimy plate-glass window and a plastic sign on the door proclaiming, in happy letters, "Yes, we are open." Dry-cleaning places are all the same. However new they are, they always have faded advertisements against the fly-specked glass: "Wedding dresses cleaned and preserved," "We do tailoring and alterations," "Take advantage of our free storage space." Always faded, and always featuring smiling blond ladies wearing yellow A-line skirts. A throwback to the sixties.

But today there is a girl behind the window. I don't remember ever having seen her there before. She sits on a high stool, her head tilted gracefully to one side. Her hair is black and very shiny. I know she must be thinking profound thoughts, of another day in another country, somewhere far away. She is not uncouth enough to be an American, not a gum-cracking, beer-drinking, third-generation American. She looks quiet and dignified, the kind of girl who is a credit to her family. Clean-cut and wholesome, and very lovely.

I never like a beautiful woman. She is threatening to me; if she is beautiful, and I am only average, it seems fated that she is also more popular, more loved, more successful than I. But somehow, this girl does not intimidate me. I can imagine her life, a study in romantic deprivation. She came to this country, round-eyed and frightened, as a stowaway in the bottom of a rubber dinghy without so much as a crust of bread to her name. Her father finds a menial job, unable to speak English; her mother stays home to cook and clean for her seven children in an apartment smelling of exotic spices and perfumes. The girl works now at the dry-cleaning place, earning a few dollars to buy milk for her little brothers and sisters. She walks the three miles to school every night, learning how to speak, read and write English. She is bound to win a full scholarship to an Ivy League school, I tell myself.

For the third time in fifteen minutes, a man wearing fake leather shoes walks by. Every time, his gaze is drawn to that beautiful girl behind the window. She seems oblivious to his attentions, although it is obvious to me that he is madly in love with her. There must be a hitch here somewhere. Perhaps the girl's father, oppressive and set in his ways, will not hear of her marrying this young, cheaply shod upstart. She is never to speak again of her beloved, never to see him. I sigh heavily, mournfully, contemplating the circumstances of this girl's existence which weigh me down with the subtle mass of an X-ray technician's leaden apron.

Untitled

Ah, the tragedy of this girl's life. She must be very wise, very silent and thoughtful. She understands things perfectly; she will understand me perfectly. I must speak to her, confirm what I am already so certain of: that she, in her infinite patience and wisdom, derived from long hours of silent suffering (I pause briefly to blow my nose) will explain to me the purpose of our tawdry lives upon this planet. My bus won't arrive for a few minutes yet: I have plenty of time.

As I run across the street, I envision how she will smile softly in greeting as I enter the shop, which now has the character of a turreted castle whose walls enclose a mysterious princess.

When I open the door, the girl, legs encased in tight jeans, tears her gaze away from the book on her lap to look at me. On the cover of the paperback is a picture of a man and a scantily clad woman entwined in each others arms. The title of the book is in raised gold lettering: *Sultry Rendezvous*. Her long red fingernails drum impatiently on the countertop, and the strong smell of her cheap perfume is in the air. As I slowly turn to go, disappointed, like a dog sniffing at an empty paper bag, the man in the fake leather shoes brushes in by me. A nasal voice says, "Hey, Frankie. Where are we goin' tonight?"

The door closes behind me and I trudge back to the bus stop to look at the view in this squalid part of town.

-Rebecca Milstein

Day.

- Where are you going? she asks me, insistently.

- (I don't know) I have an appointment.

- Oh. With whom?

I'm it. The poor girl has no other friends. I sit and grope for an answer to her question, a lie she can't circumvent will do for an answer. She isn't beautiful, not ugly though. This is why she can use her power of enchantment over me so well, her power to install guilt in even the most consciousness of all, well, me.

- My Father.

- Tomorrow? insistent.

- Busy.

- What about -

- Busy. Bye. (Bitch!)

Night.

Table wedged between tall branches. I can see the house in the distance, the lights are on, it is dark, but not night. Night lurks.

I sit at the table and watch her cloak in from behind the shadow-framed trees. Shadow-framed trees clawing the air to penetrate night's sheild.

- It's almost night, I say when it dawns on me.

I realize now that I'm sitting with them. They pass me the pipe and lighter, but I don't understand why. They sit and motion to me through the trees, and I light the pipe and inhale painfully, realizing they intend for me to smoke from it.

Instinctively I know we're sitting over its catacombs, the forest floor is hollow, it is underneath, going to kill

us. Wind blows grey leaves onto the table and off the table, the wind tells me nothing but the silence reminds me...

- Concepta is dead. In the house. With her child. She's dead. The monster did it.

They hear me, and scurry away. I watch them as they leave, as night relaxes around them. The table is now on fire, from the pipe which they left. The pipe which they left and the dead leaves which the wind left. The fire cracks fiercely but illuminates nothing.

I know where the catacombs are, I can feel them echoing beneath my feet, which are bare. I throw myself into a run, but the house gets no closer, and the echoing becomes more agitated. I want to wait for death but I must run.

It placed their bodies where I could see them, and though they are decapitated and horribly mutilated, they scream for me to help them. But I can't. I don't even wish that I could.

I walk towards the house which is mine, but isn't. The door is locked but Concepta is inside motioning for me to go. She is not dead, but will be soon. I sit on the patio, and talk to the moon, until I hear the screams of her children.

- I know who the monster is, says the moon.

- Tell me.

- I don't even know the word in your language, wait and see for yourself.

I want to but can't. I run up the hill. I listen to the shrieks of the moon as it is murdered.

The whistling of the wind in my ears is joined by the hideous panting of the

beast as it pursues. It killed the others just to frighten me. It did. I recognize my driveway, and the demon as it emerges from behind the car.

Black. She: it is female, is a grotesque-thing. The grotesque-thing. And it is her. I scream and run, and run, and run...and awake. Through the terror, I feel the pangs of guilt in leaving that which wants me to stay.

-I.M. Gold

Exposure

Her bathrobe falling
(Slipping off her naked
body) to the floor -
Progressing through
Life: we shed the
Prejudices of our naive
Youth -
Exposing smooth white shoulders.

- Miguel Menard

Carabanchel Alto

She died in '71.
Elizabeth Sarah Dwyer Brooks.

Unsure about going,
Host Juan Antonio and I
Searched for the grave of
My mother's cousin
Buried thirteen months before my birth
In another decade, in another land.

The heat, the three o'clock scorch,
Searching the crabgrass,
Fading - the plastic roses left
In adornment, the listless wind-blown trees,
And us.

Beyond the heat, the question:
Who was she?
Why did she die at thirty?
Why was she buried here
In this barren, weed-scattered landscape,
So alien to the rolling green lawns of home?

Sand biting our knees,
We knelt in the dry dirt
To clean her simple grave
In the sea of garnish headstones.

Our prayers mixed -
His "Padre Nuestra,
esta en el cielo"
My "hallowed be thy name."

I'd always known that Betsy died in Spain,
But no one told me how or why.
Duty made me come.
Leaving there, somehow I felt
bond of kin.

Red carnations marked our visit,
And later, letters home
to relatives
Who said it mattered.

And it had.

- Anne Guiney

Scenes From a Memory

Daybreak
If we can tell the two dark
Figures crouched down
By the loading-docks
Are men, and only secure their ship's
Fastenings
Under a sky stripped to its grey.
The familiar lightness rises
To die on its doorstep.
And such hasty burial now
Stays the winds on each wave.

Grey too the dry-rocks,
The old
Boat-buoys,
The faint outlines of islands offshore.
One woman hangs her washing, dark hair
Tied back to stifle the heat.
But her cheeks still flush under the white sheets
And washed denim. She tells her children:
"Go play" near the dry-rocks
(Within sight)
And comes over by our driftwood fence
With a plate of last night's Devil's Food -
A gift with meaning in her eyes. Soon
Our children play under her same somber sight:
Lifting their heads, as rain
Starts to fall, in wild welcome. And
Crying to us before the windows
Are shut; crying " See! The rain's
Come -"
As the first thunder
Follows Lightning across the clouds.

- Jessica Dello Russo

To Autumn: 10 1/2 Beacon Street

She should sit by another table, by other windows
Holding a scene far above the vine-twisting branches
Of trees that guard a graveyard without fresh graves. One
Window opens here, embellished by each season:
One window to one scene and its careful stones; only
Closer to the spreading patterns of dirt past the cultivated
grass. Impossible for her not to note a dense fall
Overwealming the tree branches. The gravestones are greyer
Over a flat land, already spared with green.

The wind wants to enter; the beaten leaf needs shelter
Behind this glass, where she sits tracing her fingers over the
Thinner books, those already in dust. As old now as she
Is young though she will find her child's scrawl that claims them
Vaguely revealing something not remembered; near to
Repelling a mind pressing for the shapness of print. As on
The little oak table, the lamp agrees to those brightened
By Joy; frozen lightly in a time which wears like the graveyard-
Away: showing old records ordered still.

- Jessica Dello Russo

FIVE FRAGMENTS:
THINGS ONE REMEMBERS THAT NEVER HAPPENED

I: Image

The ephemeral sheen of molten moonlight
On translucent inguinal skin...
That face, those thighs—
Gleaming splendidly penetrating
The grainy inkiness of actuality.
Almost like a dark herringbone.
Outside beyond the obscure
Formerly alabaster walls
The cobalt intensity thickened.

II: Avatar

Pale as death
pale as milk
allons, allons, allons
je t'a— je t'adore

my pain, my pain
he sees the bride
glory be to God
my pain, my pain

Clydesdales,
ocean of emotion
swell with lactose
with love

ease my pain
he's my pain

III: Sonnet for Catullus and VSN
(with apologies to both)

The dried and brittle leaves of mediocrity,
The oppressive scent of the Juniper
Are nothing but invocations to Mnemosyne,
Whose power belies what mortals aver.
She is the true sullen beast,
Dogging all from the torrid tropics
To the famed cities of the east,
Inexorable as the czar's *opritchniks*
You seem to me to surpass a goddess,
For you can somehow pass through life
Without feeling the terrible scourge of redress,
While I am wretched under her oppressive knife.
But through this transient Hell I shall persevere:
Your death mask will be Lethe's impious leer.

IV: Atreus

Deep crimson blood stains the royal porcelain,
Defiles the delicate kimono of an ageing harlot,
Clings to the matted fur of a virgin doe.
But it is not enough to slake the thirst of ravenous,
Barren dust, anonymously, irresistibly
Clamoring for blood, for carnage
And reparation.
Alas, no mortal dentifrice can cleanse the
aftertaste of flesh.

V: Interior Monologue:
Confessions of a Slut

Consider this: a frigid sink,
The hole of sincerity—
The cure for the haze and
The ringfinger of actuality.
This means nothing to you
(On the contrary),
But you will ignore it
As you plunge headlong into eternity.
Your wailings drown me out:
As if there were solace in the ululatory;
So writhe like there's no tomorrow (there
Isn't), but someone will see.
It gives me perverse pleasure
To let you use me,
Impale my corpse:
My soul transcends sublimity.
You are a coprophage—
Engrossed in the earthly—
But you eat yourself.

-M.M. Withers



Updike's "The Great Scarf of Birds"

In "The Great Scarf of Birds," Updike's concluding response about his heart being lifted by "that great scarf" is powerful and moving. The reader, however, only receives the effect of this statement after Updike's meticulous and emotional presentation of the scarf. Through the poem's organization, diction and figurative language the reader grows to feel the same way about the birds as the speaker; by the end of the poem the reader is emotionally prepared to appreciate the conclusion.

The first two verses of the poem quickly gain the reader's attention: "...I saw something to remember." Not necessarily having read the title, the reader adopts an expectant attitude from this stanza; from this point on, the text becomes a careful, slowly progressing emotional journey. As the stanza progresses, the speaker refers to the birds on a more personal level; his growing feelings toward the birds are revealed through the diction.

The second stanza is like the prologue to a great story, setting the scene of a beautiful, yet somehow empty golf course in an extremely impersonal matter. Updike employs an abundance of passive verbs and bleak images in this stanza that bring one down, emotionally, into the very depths from which the speaker feels a need to be lifted: "apples were caught in nets," "maples were colored like apples," "the sky was dramatic." The emptiness of the scene is emphasized through the "transparent" bare elms and the wide open sky. The speaker himself puts little emotional feedback into this de-

scription, isolating himself from the surroundings and expressing a vague loneliness.

The progression continues in the third stanza as Updike presents a flock of starlings as a magical, fictional addition to the dull surroundings. He employs a simile between the flock and iron filings being moved around a paper by a magnet, revealing his reaction to the sight. He feels the same way as a schoolboy marveling at the magic of science. As the flock is moved about by "one will," the person holding the magnet, the speaker feels very close to God, who can be the only person controlling the flock of birds. The text in this scene still does not contain the word "I," making the flock of birds maintain their magical, emotional distance for the time being.

The next stanza dashes our hope of the flock of birds being something special, "something to remember." The speaker recognizes the reality of the flock of starlings (they are ugly birds), and his friend is no longer speechless. The flock has lost its magic because he understands it better, and so the two of them lose interest. This stanza is a real let-down for the reader at the beginning, but it increases the expectant mood: the reader wants to know where the scarf comes in.

Updike quickly picks up the loose ends as the speaker, quite by accident, comes upon the event that affected him so much. The fairway is "tinted" with birds (color changes are very startling in such a green place as a golf course), like an impressionist painting, prodding him to thought. Diction

is important in these next two stanzas; the speaker uses the word "I" many times. At last the reader discovers what affected Updike so much; he expresses feelings here on a more personal level. In the second to last stanza he paints a very graphic picture of the scarf that involves a great deal of motion, expressed through figurative language. "Casual billow" is brilliant in describing the slow, gentle rising of the flock, while "twitched" helps us to see the flashing and darting of every tiny bird's wings. This great display climactically brings him in touch with God and opens his eyes, as if this great scarf were woven just for him. The flock has moved closer and closer to his soul as the stanzas progressed, and at last it is drawn upward and out of sight with a grand, symbolic and inspiring smoothness. It is no wonder that the speaker feels renewed, flying away with the birds.

Organization and diction play a vital part in the progression of this poem, slowly developing the speaker's feelings toward the flock until one can fully appreciate the climactic scarf image. The images and elements that contribute to our appreciation are strengthened by metaphors and vivid images that appropriately express the wonder the speaker feels. The reader feels his own emotions about the scarf by the time he reads the last stanza and is fully able to understand the speaker's euphoria. The last lines are shockingly powerful when read after one has absorbed the rest of the poem, making "The Great Scarf of Birds" a memorable work.

- David Akeson

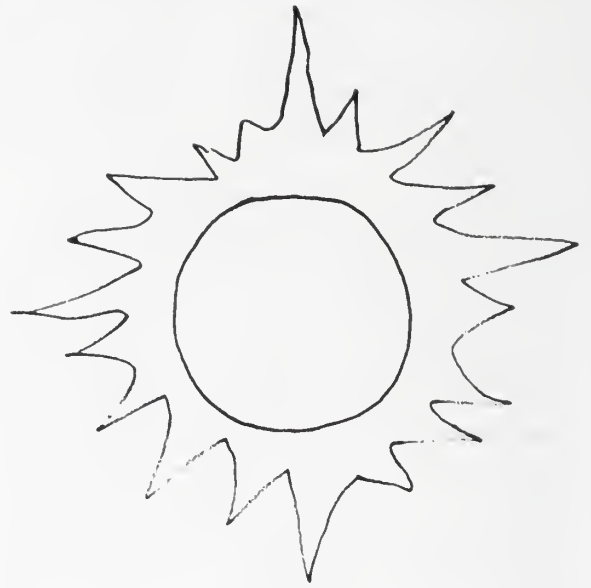
January 19

Dear Mr. Waldron:

Yes, that is quite a brilliant essay to have tossed off in forty minutes. I thought he was a little hard on the fourth stanza, but rereading I see he is right -- it is deflationary, or as I would prefer to think of it a kind of pause, in which the flock prepares itself to be yet more marvellous. My memory is that this stanza was cut, though I'm not sure the lost lines would make it sing. Lot's wife was the point of it. Anyway, thanks for sending it on, and congratulated young Mr. Akeson (?).

Best wishes, .

John Updike



DONORS:

Henry, May, Justin, and Julie
Hom
Mr. Paul Barbos
Helen and James Holland
The Cardoso Family
The McCulley Family
Ms. Ann Collins
Marc and Dora Older
Ms. Evelyn Friedman-Vargas
The Renolds Family
Ed and Malla Leary
The vonLaudermann Family
J. N. Maduegan
Ms. Antonia Pruitt

PATRONS:

Ms. Mary Satkevich
Ms. irene Banchs
Ms. Eileen Bayer
Ms. Carolyn Boehne
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph F. Ciardi
Ms. Mary Colvario
Mr. Henry P. David
Mr. Felix Del Vallo
Ms. Dorothy Durford
Mr. and Mrs. Michael Glunt
Marilyn and David Glater
The Laboy Family
Ms. Rosa Lopez
The Millette Family
Ms. Mary Pengeroth
Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Rizzo
Winston and Linda Roach
Sparr's Drug Store
Mr. Robert S. Tarpey
Mr. and Mrs. Renard R. Te
The Walker Family
Mr. and Mrs. C. Joseph William
Mr. and Mrs. Cheuk Woo

SPONSERS:

Mr. Robert Arena
Ms. Anita H. Auror
Mr. Eurlo Barros
The Desharnais Family
The Filletti Family
Ms. Juna A. Fine
Mr. and Mrs Paul Henderson Jr.
Maureen F. Hickox
Ms. Denise Lynch
Ms. Linda Mardirosian
Mr. Phillip O'Donnell
Ms. Victoria Otero
Mr. Fernando Quigua
Mr. and Mrs. F. Suprin

ATTENTION FOOT USERS:



We accept the following methods of payment:

- 1/ Your hard-earned money
- 2/ Your mate's hard-earned money
- 3/ Your Mother's money
- 4/ Your Grandparents' money
- 5/ All the money in your savings account
- 6/ And of course just plain money.

JOHN FLUEVOG

328 NEWBURY ST.
BOSTON MASS.

TELEPHONE:
266-1079



MAROON
TOUR AGENCY

PASAJES A TODAS PARTES DEL MUNDO

658 Centre Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass—02130
Bani — 809-522-5661 • Boston 617-522-5494

Morris H. Guerrero
Presidente

JONES' *Hallmark* SHOP

676 Centre Street
Jamaica Plain, MA 02130
established 1922

Telephone
(617) 524-4900

Quisqueya Bakery

462 Centre Street
Jamaica Plain, Ma. 02130
(617) 522-9117

Phone: 617-364-1720

RIVERSIDE VARIETY
994 RIVER ST.
HYDE PARK
02136

GOOD LUCK

PROPRITOR:
ED LEARY

Savin Hill SPORTING GOODS

UNIFORMS • SPORTSWEAR • AWARDS • EQUIPMENT

436-4378

Janice Finnigan John Fowler Jim Drury

107 SAVIN HILL AVE., DORCHESTER, MA 02125



LUZ REGALADO
UNISEX HAIRSTYLIST

**INTERNATIONAL
BEAUTY SALON**

(617) 524-7020

371A CENTRE ST
JAM. PLAIN, MA. 02130

DRAGON TECHNOLOGIES
112 Walnut Avenue
Riverside, N.Y. 02131-5125
(617) 284-0188

XT TURBO SYSTEM

8 Mhz Fast 8088-2 CPU (10 or 15 Mhz Options Extra)
840 Kilobytes Random Access Memory
Phoenix Bios
2 Floppy Disk Drives (Any Combination 3.5"/720K or 5.25"/360K)
Centronics Parallel Printer Ports
Serial Communications Port
Real Time Clock/Calendar
Analog Game Port
Color/Mono Graphics Adapter

With 13" Hi-Resolution Mono Monitor
(\$880.00)

With 14" Full Color RGBI Monitor
(\$990.00)

With 14" Enhanced RGB Monitor (EGA)
(\$1280.00)

System Add-On Options

10 Mhz 8086 Option
(\$35.00)
15 Mhz 80281 Option (Have your XT run at AT performance!)
(\$55.00)
100 CPS Dot Matrix Printer
(\$199.00)
20 Megabyte Fixed Disk
(\$250.00)
2400 Baud External Modem
(\$139.00)
2400 Baud External Modem W/ MNP 4
(\$199.00)
3 Button Serial Mouse
(\$89.00)
DOS ver 4.01 w/ GWBASIC
(\$120.00)

These systems are ideal for students, home finance, or network terminal applications. Discounts are available to non-profit organizations, students, or for quantity purchases. Call us and ask for a sales representative.

VIDEO CENTER VIDEO RENTALS

**358 CENTRE STREET
JAMAICA PLAIN, MA**

TEL: 524-6730

**HOURS: 11 - 9:30
NINTENDO
&
VIDEO TAPES**

LIFE ENTERPRISES

P.O. BOX 218 DORCHESTER MA 02122

**CONSULTATION, DESIGN & CONSTRUCTION OF
REHABILITATION & ASSISTIVE TECHNOLOGY
FOR EDUCATORS & THERAPISTS**

THOMAS TARANTO 617-282-4283

CARIBE


TRAVEL
& Tour Agency

We'll Bring You
THE WORLD.



360A CENTRE STREET
JAMAICA PLAIN, MA 02130
(617) 524-6703 524-6877



A. BARRERO

A&B jewelry
DESIGNS

720 CENTRE ST. BOSTON, MA 02130 Telephone: (617) 522-2220

ASK MR. FOWLER
REALTOR-INSURER

743 CENTRE STREET
JAMAICA PLAIN

CALL
524-0500

OR

524-4200



Thomas J. Mercurio

DOCTOR OF CHIROPRACTIC

TEL.
617-522-0546

512 CENTRE STREET
JAMAICA PLAIN, MA 02130

Small Group **DRAWING CLASSES**
taught by professional artist with MFA and 15 years teaching experience in private home in W. Roxbury.
323-4289 Laureen Rueckner.

RICARDO VILLALONA
Owner

Tel. (617) 524-4506

Villalona Electronics

Phones - Car Radios
V.C.R. Supplies, Appliances (Etc.)
We. Do Installations

373 Centre Street

Jamaica Plain, MA 02130

Good Luck!



DAVIS MONUMENTS, INC.

3859 WASHINGTON STREET
ROSLINDALE, MASS. 02131
524-4300

From the desk of John L. Tigges

TEL:(508)774-4125

ROYAL ELECTRIC CO.

P.O. BOX 1212
5 BIXBY AVE.
MIDDLETON, MA 01949
BILL KANE

Jeffrey Ferris

(617) 522-7082



FERRIS WHEELS Bicycle Shop

64 South Street
Jamaica Plain, MA 02130

Spanish Tutoring

For More Information
call Ana Rodriguez
At 524-1747

Fitz's Wallcovering & Painting

Fabric
Wallpapering
& Removal
Vinyl

Ceiling
Woodwork
Wall Repair

Free Estimates
288-7276
Insured Certified

Mike Fitzgerald
32 Tremlett Park
Boston, MA 02124



(617) 522-2132

FIVE STAR TRADING CO.

Wholesale and Retail
Gifts - Toys - Clocks - Electronic -
Luggage - Fans - Furniture
(General Merchandise)

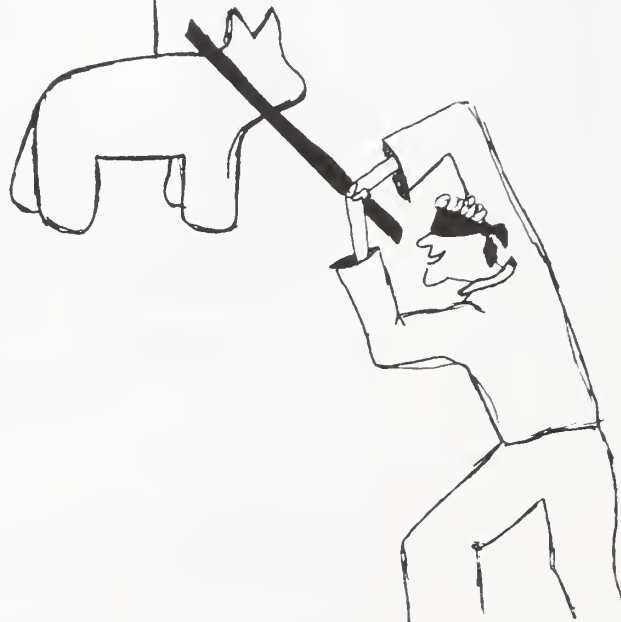
☐ Mike Muhsen
☐ Mirlande Muhsen

656 Centre St
Jamaica Plain, MA 02130

*Todo para
Fiestas Infantiles*

MY PIÑATA CHILDREN'S PARTY FAVORS

142-A South Street
Jamaica Plain, MA 02130
Phone (617) 524-4730
Luisa Placencia



**Olmstead
Plaza
Associates**

&

**Macomber
Development
Associates**